MORAL and DESCRIPTIVE

EPISTLE,

INSCRIBED

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS *****,

WITH

A CEREALIAN HYMN for 1758.

&c. &c. MUSIC.

[illegible] TE PRINCIPIUM, TIBI DESINET ACCIPE JUSSIS
[illegible] CEPTA TUIS, ATQUE HANC SIBI TEMPORA CIRCUM,
[illegible] TEMPLA MEDULLAM TIBI SUMPSIT LAUDIS.

VIRGIL Eclo. VIII.

LONDON:

[illegible] STUART, at the Corner of [illegible]

MDCCLVIII.

EPISTLE.

94. 23507

THIS BOOK

To the HONOURABLE Miſs *****.

MADAM,

I will not apologize for the liberty I have taken in addreſſing this moral and deſcriptive epiſtle to you, becauſe it is clear of perſonal ſatire and fulſome adulation; but its imperfections are ſo many, that ſomething ought to be ſaid for them.

Perhaps ſevere critics will obſerve, I have admitted ſome ſtrokes of ill nature; but truth will not allow of a compariſon which is not juſt: for how can we compare the excellencies of one part of the world, without reſulting to the other? It may be thought, giving the preference of beauty to women of inferior rank, was paying a lady no great compliment: but they will pleaſe to reflect, it is only done when in compariſon with thoſe who ſpoil nature by art; deſtroy good breeding by affectation; and virtue, by modiſh refinements.

It is true, the vices of a few are no reflection upon the many; yet the bad examples of the great have a fatal tendency in corrupting the little: hence it becomes neceſſary for every individual to ſtem the infectious tide, leſt, like an aggregated flood, it gathers ſtrength by rolling on, and at length involves himſelf.

Poets were the firſt lawgivers and reformers of mankind; as for example, Moſes, Solomon, David, and the Prophet Iſaiah. And ſince them ſucceeding bards have been held in univerſal eſteem, till they proſtituted their divine talents to ſerve the purpoſes of vice, tyranny, and ambition. Thus have our modern writers purchaſed the ſmiles and patronage of the Great, at the expence of every moral virtue: hence comes the ſervile flattering dedication, which firſt brought authorſhip and poetry into diſrepute. But this idol of imagination ſerves only to degrade the perſon it would immortalize: the folly is too conſpicuous not to become contemptible, however exalted by titles or riches.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt faithful,

And obedient ſervant,

The AUTHOR.

The author of the following poem, residing at a considerable distance from London, by which he had not an opportunity of correcting the errors of the Press before the sheets were printed off, desires the reader will excuse the following errata, since they have been wholly occasioned by that inconvenience.

ERRATA.

Make line 19 thus——Of golden pomes *eu'n* rival beauties boast,
30 ——Bestows no beauty, *and* no gift in vain.
51 ——The sacred green with solemn *tombs* bestrew'd,
In the note on line 105, put a period after the word *amity*.
dele the words *therefore the spilling of it was looked upon as a presage of loss, or mischief, or death.*
135 ——Nay *soon*, insulting brutes, they all rejoice.
137 ——More shameful yet, and *cruelly perverse*,
152 ——*And* awe with spirits, or a fairy's tale.
In the note on line 162, for *Tetster* read *Fetzer*.
172 ——Holds all their *trump'ry* in a just disdain.
277 ——Hear, hear the *fate* (of what?) a lady's frown;
280 ——Between *her* fingers and enamell'd cup;
300 ——And wish she'd give her hobbling *minuets* o'er.
350 ——And pique ourselves on *foppery* and dance:
407 ——*Well plows'd* with competence, and mod'rate rest:
421 ——And crops of clover *vows* a flow'ry head;
445 ——*Enriching without toil the steril* ground.
Dele the lines 797 and 798, and make the two following lines thus,
The gifts of Ceres, and the bloom of spring.
Shepherds and nymphs alternatively sing;

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

HONOURABLE Miss ***.

MY rural strains to many a bard must yield,
Who've won bright laurels in th' adventr'ous field;
At your command, I tune the Dorick lute,
When you command, can any muse be mute?
O come
~~Be present~~, Thalia, and inspire my strain
To sing fair Ceres' ever jocund reign:
Be present too ye rural Virgin Throng,
For you I moralize my devious song:

Lines 3 *and* 4.] A parody on Mr. Pope's exordium to his Windsor Forest.

BURL CONST ROAD

Be preſent, Shepherds, nor diſdain to hear,
And reap the favours of th' autumnal year.
Pomona's groves with burniſh'd fruitage vie,
Attract the taſte, and pleaſe the longing eye:
Not gardens of Heſperides diſplay
A brighter luſtre with the ſolar ray.
The teeming tribute for the donor's ſake,
Unwatch'd by dragons, you may ſafely take.
Paris could only pleaſe one blooming grace,
Here ev'ry nymph's of Cytherea's race:
Of golden pomes can rival beauties boaſt,
Tho' each believes ſhe is the reigning toaſt:
Bleſt emulation! here no ſword it draws,
And yet adds glory to the Cyprian cauſe.
What rip'ning fruits on ev'ry ſide we ſee,
Swell on the vine, or bend the fertile tree;
Grapes, peaches, nect'rins, apricots unfold
Rich dyes of crimſon, purple, blue and gold;
Nor deem theſe colours only pompous waſte,
They both of nectar and ambroſia taſte;

Line 13. *Not gardens of, &c.*] The gardens of Heſperides were guarded by a dragon with a hundred heads, which Hercules at laſt ſlew, and then bore off the golden fruit.

Line 17. *Paris could only pleaſe, &c.*] Alluding to the conteſt between Venus, Juno and Minerva for beauty, which Paris, youngeſt ſon of Priamus, king of Troy, adjudged to Venus, by preſenting her with the celebrated apple, inſcribed, Let it be given to the faireſt.

The genial hand, that foſters ev'ry grain,
Beſtows no beauty, nor no gift in vain.
  Myriads of inſects form that precious blue
On vi'let plumbs ſuffus'd like ſilv'ry dew:
To all her creatures Heav'n her bounty ſpeeds,
And what amuſes one —— another feeds.
Rude brambles wave with purple berries crown'd,
And ſcarlet hips in ev'ry hedge abound.
  The hazle ſhades the virgin train invite,
Whoſe cluſter'd nuts are "pregnant with delight;"
Their blazing ſhells on All-ſaints eve proclaim
The ſtrength and brightneſs of each lover's flame.
The babbling matron, bent with length of days,
Her part amidſt the merry circle plays,
Now ranſacking the deeds of ancient times,
Preſerv'd from age to age, in Gothic rhimes:
Strange prophecies of Britiſh Merlin tells,
Of Shipton's witching arts, and helliſh ſpells;
Of Doctor Fauſtus, and his magic wand,
Which cou'd ev'n Lucifer and fate command;
Of crook-back'd Richard's fell, remorſeleſs reign,
By him, his monarch, wife, and nephews, ſlain.
  The ſacred green with ſolemn tears beſtrew'd,
Now by the moon-light thro' the window's view'd;

At which ſhe, ſtarting, ſhuts her awful eyes,
Yet bids (as Fancy paints) pale ſpectres riſe:
Bids the touch'd murd'rer drop his gory knife,
And linger o'er the corpſe he robb'd of life;
Till ſeiz'd by juſtice, he's condemn'd to death,
Nor quits his horrors with his parting breath.
At laſt her warm'd imagination falls
On ill-got wealth, and miſers' death-bed calls;
The woes of vice and plunder'd orphans tale,
Their tingling ears and buſy minds aſſail;
Till Superſtition rears her ſable head,
And half the circle feels an inward dread;
Ev'n harmleſs babes cling round their grannam's knee,
And ſweat and tremble, tho' they nothing ſee.

Shou'd Pompey howl (as when the ſtrangers came)
Or glimm'ring tapers burn with bluiſh flame,
Then all are dumb with heart-congealing fear,
In ſad expectance that a ſpirit's near;
Surprize ſits pictur'd in each gazing eye,
And heaving breaſts ſcarce palpitate a ſigh:

Line 68. *Or glimm'ring tapers, &c.*] It was an abſurd notion of the ancients, that candles burned dim and blue at the approach of ſpirits; which is, even at this time, propagated by old women in the nurſery. But in truth this phenomenon is owing to the damp and ſulphurous air about candles, which prevents the avolation of the particles of light, and by condenſing, makes them dance upon the ſnuff with a kind of exhalation: for in mines they always burn blue, from the air being impregnated with nitre, and humid from want of circulation.

Like

Like ſtatues fix'd, immoveable their head,——
The clock ſtrikes twelve, and ſummons them to bed.
But ſtrikes in vain——new horrors yet behind,
Theſe hear a death-watch——thoſe a cricket find.
A croaking raven yeſterday they heard,
How unauſpicious that foreboding bird!
But from the fire ſhould cinder-coffins fly,
Alas! one preſent (all ſuppoſe) muſt die.
Ah! dire preſage of unrelenting fate,
Whoſe darts alike pierce both the poor and great.
To reſt, by couples, laſtly they depart,
At ev'ry ſound! at ev'ry corner ſtart!
Quickly in bed pale Terror ſhuts each eye,
And over-head they nuzzle cloſe and lie.
As Fate would have, upon this feſtive night,
In glides to miſs's room, a grizly ſprite:
Gods! what a ſhrieking, ſqualling, ſobbing, crying,
(You'd ſwear my lady's darling dog was dying;)

Line 76. *Theſe hear a death-watch*, &c.] Death-watches are little inſects of the beetle kind, of a darkiſh brown colour, with pellucid wings under the vaginæ: they have a large helmet on their heads, and two horns proceeding from beneath the eyes, which anſwer the end of a probolcis. Mr. Derham kept a male and female death-watch in a box for ſeveral months, and could bring one of them to beat whenever he pleaſed, by imitating its beating. They are in rooms lined with paper; but it is ridiculous to ſuppoſe them a preſage of death.

Line 77. *A croaking raven*, &c.] From the ancient auguries, are handed down moſt of our vulgar omens of misfortune. They predicted the death of Alexander, from ſome ravens flying over his head as he entered Babylon; and the ruin of Craſſus, from an owl appearing juſt before the action, which he fought with the Parthians, when he and thirty thouſand Romans were ſlain.

Silence,

Silence, dear miſs, no mortal will appear,
For like a wild-fire runs a pannic fear.
When Phœbus roſe, the ſervants left their beds,
And in cloſe council laid their aching heads,
In ev'ry room a gliding ſpectre's heard,
Nay, ſeen by thoſe with a tremendous beard!
Lo! theſe aver it clink'd an iron chain,
Then fetch'd deep groans, and rattled it again:
Betty proteſts it wore a high-crown'd hat;
Ned thought it like a monſtrous tabby cat;
Right, anſwer'd Tom, and larger than the mare
You bought laſt winter, at a Yorkſhire fair.
The roſy butler curs'd this fooliſh joke,
His ſalts were ſpilt, and his decanters broke.
Nurſe, after ſupper, heard a noiſe without,
And ſcar'd, ſhe trembling dealt the cards about;
But loſt two rubbers by her careleſs play;
For Fear had baniſh'd judgment quite away.
This matter full diſcuſs'd—nurſe runs up ſtairs,
The reſt diſperſe to mind the houſe affairs:

Line 105. *His ſalts were ſpilt, &c.*] Salt, in the early ages, was held ſacred, from the purity of its nature; and hence it was deemed a ſymbol of amity; therefore the ſpilling of it was looked upon as a preſage of loſs, or miſchief, or death. The ſuperſtitious of theſe times have extended the malignity of this ridiculous omen, and made it the forerunner of every evil that can befal them.

Ah!

Ah! nurſe, cry'd miſs, how you have ſlept all night!
In vain I call'd; in vain I wiſh'd for light!
My curtains rattled; often ſtirr'd my bed;
Ah nurſe! I ſaw a man without his head.---
In that ſame inſtant ſomething ſeem'd to moan
Beneath her bed, then gave a parting groan;
Heav'ns, what confuſion! both began to ſquall,
And "Lord preſerve us!" ſhook the good old hall;
Obedient to their ſhouts, the ſervants fly,
But yet to ſearch, the very men deny.
At laſt the groom, more valiant than the reſt,
Approach'd the bed, and thus the ghoſt addreſs'd:
Be thou a ghoſt or fairy, live or dead,
I'll pull thee out from underneath this bed;
He ſaid---then down he kneel'd, and ſtretch'd his arm,
Firſt having croſs'd himſelf, by way of charm;
When forth he dragg'd a melancholy ſpright,
(The ſad tormentor of their dreams laſt night:)
My lady's fav'rite Veny, now no more!
Her little ſoul had fled to Charon's ſhore.
In pupping, ah! in pupping ſhe had dy'd,
Sweet fondling animal, of dogs the pride.
At Veny's fate! they breathe no tender ſighs,
Like her unpity'd, ev'ry fav'rite dies.

Nay,

Nay, worſe, inſulting brutes, they all rejoice;
And ſing loud peans with accorded voice;
More ſhameful yet, and cruel, none averſe,
For her dear ſake they ev'ry lap-dog curſe.
But ineffectual proves their impious pray'r,
For Veny's ſpirit ſcatters it in air.
When ſubtle rats behind the wainſcot prowl,
When ſhiv'ring dogs (unhous'd) at midnight howl;
When cats make love, and canter down the ſtairs,
Bounce over tables, rattle over chairs;
When owls ſit ſcreeching on the chimney top,
And pillaging the martin's neſt, let drop;
You'll hear next morning of a diſmal ſpright,
Who rais'd this tumult all laſt irkſome night.

Whenever Hymen's pleaſing bands you chuſe,
(Excuſe the counſels of a faithful muſe)
Don't in the nurs'ry let the nurſe prevail
To awe with ſpirits, or a fairy's tale.
Theſe idle viſions, told retentive youth,
Implant fell Terror in the room of Truth;
And leave ſuch phantoms in the brain behind,
As damp the valour of the creſſive mind.

Line 135, 136. *But ineffectual, &c.*] A parody on Mr. Pope's lines in the Rape of the Lock.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

We

We learn from Hiſtory's inſtructive page,
The greateſt Chiefs that ever grac'd an age;
Such as to battle would impatient fly,
Like gallant CLIVE, to vanquiſh or to die;
Or brave as HAWKE, or SAUNDERS on the main,
Who Albion's liberty and rights maintain;
Have early been (from tales of ſpirits) led
To fear the night, nay more, a lonely bed.
Here pow'rful Reaſon proves of no defence,
For firſt impreſſions leave a laſting ſenſe;
As them in youth, ſo we in years obey,
And infant weakneſs bears Truth's palm away.
In days of yore, the monks all-graſping band,
By *pious frauds* bewitch'd a barb'rous land;
Europa now, where arts and ſcience reign,
Holds all their knaviſh tricks in juſt diſdain.

Line 160. *To fear the night, &c.*] "The ideas of goblins and ſprights have really no more to do with darkneſs than light; yet let but a fooliſh maid inculcate theſe often on the mind of a child, and raiſe them there together, poſſibly he ſhall never be able to ſeperate them again ſo long as he lives; but darkneſs ſhall ever afterwards bring with it thoſe frightful ideas, and they ſhall be ſo join'd, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

† Vide Mr. Lock's chapter of the aſſociation of ideas.

Line 162. *By pious frauds, &c.*] Since the reformation, ghoſts and wizards have fallen into diſrepute; and the preſent age would have no ideas of them, but for the tales early told us in our nurſeries. What uſe the monks made of imaginary beings, may be found in a number of books: but as one may ſerve as well as a hundred, ſee in biſhop Burnet's travels, page 53, an account of father Tetzer's deluſion; the record of which extraordinary affair is ſtill preſerved at Bern: and as it happened in 1504, the Papiſts can't here (as uſual on ſuch occaſions) affirm it is nothing but an heretical falſehood.

Let ghoſts or goblins in their convents dwell,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the lonely cell.
'Tis thee, fair Virtue! thee alone we find,
Can baniſh ſpectres from the human mind;
It's guilty ſtains, O defecate away,
And let angelic truth and valour ſway.
Enamell'd fields' all-variegated bloom,
Diſplay the blue-bell, and the jonquil broom:
The crimſon fox-glove, and ſweet purple thyme,
With flow'rs unnumber'd, of this Boreal clime.
On ſloping banks ſweet honey-ſuckles blow,
And fan the murmurs of the brook below:
There ſilver ſtreams the flow'ry borders lave,
(And wanton fiſhes cut the liquid wave,)
But when meand'ring to yon ſtormy ſhore,
By rocks impeded, back-rebounding roar;
Then over ſteepy precipices roll,
And to their ſandy baſe, daſh down the finny ſhoal;
Here Water-Nymphs the river courſes turn,
And in old Ocean empty ev'ry urn.
There cattle crop the verdant meads below,
While Ceres decks yon nodding mountain's brow;
Around flows Plenty from her copious hand,
And gleams like gold, on ev'ry furrow'd land.

Her horn with joy the Huſbandman ſurveys,
And pining Want, ſings ſmiling Autumn's praiſe.
With ſickles arm'd, each Swain at break of day,
Up ſprings to toil---yet whiſtles all the way;
Nor envies Kings their glitt'ring train of ſtate,
Fully content with his laborious fate.

How ſweet yon viſta opens on the glade!
How ſolemn waves the ſcarlet auburn ſhade!
The leaves, beting'd with Phœbus' parting rays,
Make the whole grove ſeem one promiſcuous blaze.

In yonder fields the jocund Reapers ſing;
There Pleaſure ſpreads her ever fragrant wing.
There triumphs Love, as Heav'n at firſt deſign'd,
Sincerely conſtant, and humanely kind.
The ruddy Swain, above all ſelfiſh views,
Courts the fair Nymph, for love alone he ſues;
Contemns thoſe glitt'ring toys the great implore,
Fair lands, fair tenements, and golden ore.

Thus were ſupremely our firſt parents bleſt,
While conſcious virtue fill'd each ſportleſs breaſt:
Till Eve, alas! entail'd upon her heirs,
Sin, death, remorſe, inquietudes, and cares:
Angelic Eden, that delightful place,
Deck'd with each rural, each inchanting grace,

To this ſad pair a dreary defart turn'd,
When joys unhallow'd in their boſom burn'd.
From blooming Paradiſe they both depart,
In hopes to quit intolerable ſmart!
In hopes, alas! they wander'd on in vain,
For change of place was but ſeverer pain:
Attendant Vice embitter'd ev'ry joy,
Each ſweet amuſement, and each ſoft employ,
Which in the wormwood draught of life were caſt
To ſooth, or ſweeten, ev'ry grief that's paſt.
But guilt or jealouſy (ah! dire reproach)
Will ſow ſharp thorns in ſacred Hymen's couch.
The gentle God of Love ſoon takes his wing,
When briars ſhoot where vi'lets ought to ſpring;
Sick of themſelves, and weary of their lives,
They liv'd like modiſh huſbands and their wives.

But all the beauties of Arcadia's plains,
Tranſlucent rills, ſweet Philomela's ſtrains,
Soft balmy zephyrs, roſe or myrtle bow'rs,
Eternal ſpring, and aromatic flow'rs,
Delicious fruits, bright ſuns, long days, blue ſkies,
And Nature vari'd with a thouſand dyes;
Wou'd ceaſe to pleaſe, or captivate each ſenſe,
Were virtue baniſh'd, and ſweet innocence:

Celeſtial

Celeſtial happineſs reigns where they dwell;
For Heav'n without them would reſemble Hell.
But you, accompliſh'd maid, may well excuſe
Some little freedoms in a ruſtic muſe:
Should ſhe convey you from theſe bliſsful plains,
To where blind Fortune all-triumphant reigns.
There form a judgment whether will excel,
The country beauty, or the courtly belle:
Or ſay, if nature, undiſguis'd by art,
Can nobler graces to the eye impart,
Than all the glaring, and fictitious bloom,
That glows in *** or lady *.
Critics, perhaps, invidiouſly would aſk,
If Picts at bed-time decently unmaſk:
Admit they may, I'm poſitively ſure,
We'd ſee ſuch hags no mortal would endure:
If ſpleen or fits, their boaſted charms aſſail,
The vermeil hue ne'er turns a livid pale;
Handſome in death, they ev'n the grave defy;
Nor from dead cheeks the bluſhing roſes fly.
The beſt carmine, coſmetic waſh, or oil,
Will not improve, but the complexion ſpoil.

Line 256. *That glows in* * * * *or lady* *.] The reader is deſired to fill up theſe aſterics with the names of any of his acquaintance, remarkable for preſumptuouſly ſupplying the imaginary deficiencies of their maker, by creating themſelves a new face.

Enamel

Enamel once (if what I've heard be right)
You muſt proceed, nay, in your own deſpight.
What ſignify theſe borrow'd tints of face?
If modeſt virtues heighten ev'ry grace,
Pale ſallow cheeks, with roſy charms ſupply,
And add bright ſparkles to the dimmeſt eye.
What lovely rows of ſnowy teeth we view!
How beautiful! were they, alas! but true;
But pretty mouths, while mimic arts adorn,
Why ſhould we treat fam'd Rutter's teeth with ſcorn?
Hear, hear the tale, (of what?) a lady's frown;
Hear it, ye ſpinſters grey, of court and town;
A rival catch'd Momilla's eye-brow up,
Between his fingers and enamell'd cup;
And to her lover bore the charming prize,
Which once ſet off Momilla's ſparkling eyes:

Line 273. *Why ſhou'd we treat fam'd Rutter's teeth with ſcorn?*] It is certain that artificial teeth will plump up the cheeks of decaying beauty, and render articulate the ſpeech of hoary eloquence: but the author had the misfortune to be preſent, when a celebrated prudiſh lady dropped her upper row of elephant teeth into her ſoup plate, by a ſudden fit of laughter; which he only mentions as a caution, to prevent others from making themſelves the ſubjects of ridicule, by being a little more attentive to the ornaments of their mouth; which no wire will ſecure againſt the fatalities of a too ſudden and exceſſive vibration of a horſe-laugh. Yet it muſt be allow'd, the profeſſors of the tuſkian art, have carried their improvements almoſt to the height of human perfection. I am told, that at Paris nothing is more common, than for fine gentlemen and ladies to purchaſe teeth of extraordinary beauty out of the mouths of mendicants; which, when tranſplanted, warm and alive, into their more delicate gums, will immediately faſten and take root; like trees out of a bad ſoil into a good one. This may ſeem barbarous, and even a little unnatural to people unacquainted with modern refinements; but upon reflection, we muſt agree that it is better that the indigent have a meal without teeth, than teeth without a meal.

Ah!

Ah! fatal frown, that made her eye-brow fall;
A topic ſoon at ev'ry rout and ball.
Beware, ye Virgins, of a rival's hate;
And ſpurn falſe graces, or expect her fate:
For brittle gum will crack in ſpite of care;
And wires betray fine borrow'd locks of hair.

Dear lady Languiſh, with but one glaſs eye,
Still reigns ſupreme o'er bragge and gallantry:
This melting orb can never roll in vain,
But *that* as certain breaks her lover's chain:
Ye Gods! reſtore what you have ſnatch'd away,
Or quench the luſtre of the other's ray.

Her ill-pair'd legs fair Limpia wou'd conceal,
For what one wants ſhe lengthens in the heel:
On which the modeſt muſe would ſcorn to glance,
But that ſhe's foremoſt in the ring to dance:
Her tott'ring ſteps, with anguiſh we explore,
And wiſh ſhe'd give her hobbling minn'ts o'er.

Now view (dear Madam) yon gay Virgin Train,
In flow'ry garlands, dancing on the plain:
Their cheeks and breaſts (that envy might delight),
Diſplay the bluſhing roſe, and lilly white:
To heighten theſe cou'd Titian's hand eſſay,
Their lovely tints wou'd, as he touch'd, decay.

Ye ſpotleſs Virgins! ne'er repine at fate,
Deſpiſe falſe grandeur, and the toys of ſtate;
The gaudy equipage, the liv'ried hoſt,
The firſt precedence, Honour's envy'd poſt.
What tho' all diadem'd with di'mond rays,
Fair beauty baſks not in their fiery blaze;
But in the modeſt bluſhes of a face,
That outward charms from brighter inward grace:
From ſweeteſt temper, and the gentleſt mind,
With ev'ry pleaſing, ſofter virtue join'd:
Of Heaven's beſt gifts, you boaſt an equal ſhare,
As wiſe, as happy, healthy, chaſte and fair.
One moment ſtop, my Lord will ſoon advance;
Dreſt for the ring, and emulous to dance.
Avaunt Plebeians--here's the ſparkling ſtar,
Whoſe glitt'ring rays beams luſtre from afar.
Obſerve the homage of this cringing croud;
Who of the title, not the man, are proud.
Their lies or flatt'ries, one would almoſt ſwear,
Were much too nauſeous for my Lord to bear:
But adulation, like a cordial draught,
Intoxicates in flowing bumpers quaff'd.
So falſe, (if elegant) the courtly phraſe;
'Tis well-bred ſatire, gilt with fulſome praiſe.

All high-flown compliments, all ſtrange grimace,
From Gauls imported, like their wines and lace;
A Briton Frenchify'd! an odious ſight!
(Half man, half monkey, if you view him right:)
All faſhions following with an aukward mein,
He blends French levity with Britiſh ſpleen;
And acts an odd and inconſiſtent part,
In dreſs a fribble, ſloven, or a ſmart:
But all that's decent, all that's manly ſhuns;
Quickly from this to that extreme he runs:
Powder, perfume, and lace him as you can,
The *ape* predominates, and not the *man*.
But Gallia's arts the wiſer few deride,
Tho' ſtill the many ſwerve to faſhion's ſide.
O could French artiſts brace the nerveleſs arm,
Teach each deformity of mind to charm;
Gild ev'ry vice and folly of the beau,
And make ev'n virtue to conſiſt in ſhow;
Well might we naturalize the modes of France,
And pique ourſelves on fopp'ry and dance:
But vain's their art! with tinſell'd plumes to hide
A maſs corrupt of nauſeous vice and pride.
Alas! is this the boaſted child of birth;
A clod perfum'd, the bergumot of earth!

Boaſt, boaſt my lord, of your illuſtrious blood;
Trace your deſcent beyond Deucalion's flood:
Say that from Jove your peerleſs lineage came,
The firſt and foremoſt in the rolls of fame.
So Philip's heir deriv'd his hea'vnly birth,
Nor claim'd cognation with the ſons of earth.
Count and diſplay the trophies of your ſires,
Their brave exploits, and more than martial fires:
Let crowns and kingdoms in review appear,
Sav'd by their wiſdom, or their valiant ſpear.
Show fair Religion manacled and bound,
And heaven-born Freedom gaſping on the ground;
Say that (my Lord) by your forefathers might,
Timely ſuſtain'd, they re-aſſum'd their right.
Say next, but bluſh, that learned heralds view
Their great, but now degen'rate race in you.
Better be cottager, or beggar born,
Than meanly great, of all mankind the ſcorn.
O blazon Virtue, ſhe inſpires your breaſt,
And not the trophies which adorn your creſt.
But if ſelf-conſcious, you degrade the line,
Oh! veil the parent-peer's illuſtrious ſhrine!

On Malbrô's heir, lo! valour beams renown,
And adds new verdure to his grandſire's crown.
A monarch's flatt'rer, or a ſtrumpet's brave,
A poltroon noble, or a titled ſlave;
A wealthy villain, or a patriot baſe;
A pimp in office, or a knave in place;
Alike all honours and mankind diſgrace.
O mayſt thou HASTINGS, long this iſle adorn;
And falſe ambition, vice, and folly ſcorn:
For thee the muſes tun'd their Akenſide
To Virtue's fane, thy early ſteps to guide;
Let not his dulcet notes be ſung in vain,
But realize the hopes which fir'd his ſtrain:
Be virtuous, temp'rate, gen'rous, juſt, and wiſe;
True fame in theſe not in an earldom lies:
Or all the muſes will reverſe his lays,
And turn to infamy, what's meant for praiſe.
Praiſe only's laſting when on virtue built,
But fades and moulders on the ſhrines of guilt.
Our humble ſwains, tho' not of noble race,
When honeſt, dread no guilty Lord's diſgrace:

Line 377. *On Marlbro's heir, &c.*] The late duke, who died (ſoon after this poem was written) of a fever in Germany.

Line 383. *O may'ſt thou Haſtings, &c.*] The Right Honourable the Earl of Huntingdon. Vide Dr. Akenſide's elegant ode to him in Dodſley's collection of poems, vol. VI.

Like bloomy ſhrubs that ſafe in tempeſts ſtand,
When rotten oaks fall proſtrate on the land.
They aſk no titles, nor mankind beguile;
Nor baſely murder under friendſhip's ſmile.
To human woes they conſecrate a tear,
And great Jehovah! worſhip and revere.
With heart-felt charity diffuſe their ſtore,
And ne'er deſpiſe the beggar at the door.
Reſign'd to labour, yet with little bleſs'd;
Content with competence, and mod'rate reſt:
Tho' plain's their food, and homely their attire,
They feel no ſtings from envy and deſire:
Above ambition---at contentment aim,
And truly virtuous, merit our acclaim.

Happy are thoſe who tread the ſilent grot,
No ſlave to monarchs, by the great forgot;
Quite to their fortune, good or bad, reſign'd;
Bleſs'd with that equal ballance of the mind,
Which looks unruffled thro' the waſtes of time,
Nor dreads a fall, nor yet deſires to climb.

Line 412. *Happy are thoſe who tread, &c.*] It may ſuffice to obſerve, that there are ſeveral parodies in this poem, which the judicious reader will eaſily diſcover, without a multiplicity of notes.

How happy is the blameleſs veſtal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

POPE.

Gay

Gay landſkips ſtill in vary'd charms appear,
The laſt declining honours of the year:
The ſcythe-cut meads are with new verdure ſpread,
And crops of clover ſhew a flow'ry head;
There tow'ring hills with purple heath are crown'd:
Here ſhady woods and fruitful dales abound.
Ev'n yon wild mountain (which no herbage yields)
From northern gales the neighb'ring valley ſhields,
Her ſky-clad ſummit lifts its tow'ring head
With bluiſh ſlates, and moſſy ſtones o'erſpread:
Theſe give the landſkip an inchanting look,
And quite romantic make the murm'ring brook.
Alone, thank Heav'n! we quaff the healthful breeze,
And dwell on mountains whereſoe'er we pleaſe;
Nor dread a deluge, nor an earthquake's ſhock;
A rumb'ling caſcade, or a falling rock.
When now bright Phœbus re-illumes the day,
The fields impearl'd reflect his glitt'ring ray;
With pendant gems the thorny buſhes glow,
Like di'monds ſparkling, till the breezes blow;
Arachne's webs on tangling brambles ſpun,
Diſplay the rainbow-colours in the ſun.
While ſcorching Sirius in our ſphere remains,
Dews plump the corn, and cool the ſultry plains:

Not

Not ſtrange we feel his fiery influence burn,
Which Nile's fam'd God makes diſembogue his urn;
Whoſe fecund wave flows plenty all around,
And Ceres teems on all the neighb'ring ground.
But ah! what boots an aſpic breeding land,
Where crocodiles lie watchful on the ſtrand,
To ſnap the trav'ller on his deſtin'd way,
Who falls unguarded their remorſeleſs prey?
Thrice happy Britons! ſafely may repoſe,
Beneath the woodbine, or the fragrant roſe;
Or under oak, or ſpreading ſycamore,
Exempt from dangers of th' Ægyptian ſhore.
Phœbus' refulgent rays obliquely ſhine,
When he hath paſt the equinoctial line:
But firſt will Libra poiſe her ſcales aright,
And all the globe boaſt equal day and night.

Line 443. *Which Nile's fam'd God, &c.*] In Auguſt, and the beginning of September, the dog-ſtar riſing with the ſun is predominant, and greatly encreaſes its heat. During this time, the river Nile, in Egypt, overflows its banks, as though the waters were led by the dog-ſtar. For a further account, ſee Vulgar Errors by Sir Thomas Brown, quarto edition, page 387.

Line 446. *But ah! what boots an aſpic land?*] Aſpics are deadly ſerpents which breed in Egypt; the unhappy perſons who are ſtung, go quickly off in a lethargy. Cleopatra had two conveyed to her in a baſket of figs, and with them put a period to her life, for fear of being carried to Rome to grace and adorn the triumph of Auguſtus. Though this fact has been diſputed, the candid and ingenious Rollin adopts it; as may be ſeen in the 12th volume of his hiſtory of the antients, page 174, ſmall edition, printed in 1749.

Thick miſts ariſe, but to deſcend again.
In drizzling ſhow'rs, or deluges of rain;
When theſe damp vapours long adheſive fly,
Cimmerian darkneſs ſaddens all the ſky:
Our ſpirits ſoon their foggy influence own,
And pains corroſive dart thro' ev'ry bone:
The ſprings of life move weak, faint, dull, and ſlow;
The heart ſcarce beats, or ling'ring pulſes go.
When we alas! no remedy obtain,
We blame our atmoſphere, but blame in vain.
Hence oft diſguſts, and fancy'd mis'ries ſpring;
Tireſome grows life, and fortune's not the thing:
Ev'n the proud monarch ſuffers like the reſt;
The ſick, the helpleſs, needy, and oppreſt:
To Heav'ns appointment all at laſt reſign,
And wait for pleaſure in a life divine.

In tufted groves the trembling foliage view,
Diverſify'd with ev'ry pleaſing view;

Line 460. *Cimmerian darkneſs, &c.*] The Cimmerii were a people in Italy, who inhabited a valley near the mountain of Pauſilipe, which was ſo incloſed with hills, that the ſun never ſhone upon them; hence the proverb came of Cimmerian darkneſs. Ovid elegantly places the palace of Somnus in that valley.

Eſt prope Cimmerios longo ſpelunca receſſu
Mons Cavus, &c. METAM. Lib. II.

Line 463. *The ſprings of life, &c.*] The author hath endeavoured to expreſs the uneaſineſs of the body under a ſkyey depreſſion, in the languor of theſe lines.

Leſs

Leſs tireſome far than that ſucceſſive green,
Which firſt adorns gay Vernus' lively ſcene.
In ſolemn woods as penſively we paſs,
Fancy recalls a ſacerdotal claſs.
The ſacred Druids! an immortal band,
Long preach'd fair Virtue to a barb'rous land;
And by harſh arguments perſuaſive taught
The Samian ſyſtem with the Pagan fraught.
They moſtly dwelt in contemplation's grove
Of long-liv'd oaks, the ſacred trees of Jove:
(Which his dread thunder, forky light'nings ſpare,
That Rocks diſmantle, and whole cities tear.)
Here they dealt juſtice with impartial zeal;
The guards and guardians of the public weal:
Unaw'd, unbiaſs'd, or by pow'r or ſpite;
They gave to ev'ry man his lawful right:
So abſolute (from Virtue's gentle ſway)
Without imperial pow'r, they made the world obey.

Line 480. The ſacred Druids, &c.] The Druids were learned Pagan prieſts amongſt the antient Britons and Gauls. They went naked, and lived in woods; ſtudied philoſophy, and avoided human ſociety, like our modern monks: yet they were in ſuch eſtimation amongſt all ranks of people, that diſputes and controverſies were referred to their deciſion, and a great penalty was laid upon thoſe that diſobeyed their ſentence. They believed in the immortality of the ſoul, but ſuppoſed with Pythagoras, they ſtill paſſed by death from one body to another.

Vide CÆSAR, Lib. 6. de Bello Gallico.

The

The miſletoe, in thoſe far diſtant days,
Was held the ſubject of religious praiſe:
Ere Saxons taught the Britons to adore
A Deity ſupreme, in wooden Thor.
Let no rude hand theſe rev'rend plants moleſt,
Which our forefathers ſacred held and bleſt.
Deep ſtrike their roots, all verdant be their boughs,
Amidſt rude Boreal blaſts, and Hyem's freezing ſnows.
Nor can Benevolence herſelf forget,
Or here refuſe to placid Truth the debt
Of owning too, their virtues were not free
From acts of moſt barbarian cruelty!
Nor can ſhe name, without repeated ſighs,
Their ſavage rites, and ſanguine ſacrifice,
Which made Paulinus, with vindictive hand,
On their own fires deſtroy this prieſtly band;

Line 494. *The miſletoe, &c.*] a plant with ſlender branches and green thick leaves: it never grows upon the ground, but on the boughs of apple, aſh, and oak-trees. That upon the laſt is moſt eſteemed by the curious, as it was formerly by the Druids. Its fruit, which ripens in winter, is good to ſoften and ſuppurate any hard cold ſwelling. The antients falſely accounted it a ſuper-plant, and the excreſcence of the tree, without a ſeed being previouſly lodged thereon. But it is propagated by the miſletoe-thruſh, who upon opening the ſeed, the viſcous part of the berry ſticks to his beak, which upon ſtriking it againſt ſome neighbouring branch, leaves the ſeed, which will faſten itſelf, and, the following winter, ſpring out and grow.

Line 508. *Which made Paulinus, &c.*] Suetonius Paulinus was one of the greateſt generals of his time; the firſt Roman who had paſſed Mount Atlas, and penetrated with an army to the banks of the Niger. He glowed with emulation to rival the fame of Corbulo, the conqueror of Armenia, whoſe glory he reſolved to eclipſe by his atchievements in Britain.

SMOLLETT's Hiſt. of Eng. vol. I. p. 57.

Deluded Seers! their fierce relentleſs ire
Rais'd for themſelves, and not their foes the pyre.
The great Paulinus, from a juſt diſdain
That human blood ſhou'd holy ſhrines prophane,
Cut down their groves, and laid their altars low,
That future times ſhou'd no memorial ſhow
Of their religion, execrably vile,
In woody Mona's conſecrated iſle.
Some few eſcap'd, and to Hibernia fled,
And Hebrides, whence firſt their order ſpread.
Yet Pity now laments the Druid's fate,
Thro' ign'rance cruel, but from juſtice great.

Add

Line 520. *Yet pity now laments the Druid's fate.*] Diogenes Laertius aſſures us, that their chief precepts were the worſhip of the Gods, an abſtinence from all kinds of evil, and a conſtant exerciſe of manly fortitude. Though the Druids never put any of their laws into writing, yet ſome of them have been handed down to us, and are ſufficiently curious to be inſerted.

They are theſe:

1. None muſt be inſtructed but in the ſacred groves.

2. Miſletoe muſt be gathered with reverence, and, if poſſible, in the ſixth moon: it muſt be cut with a golden bill.

3. Every thing derives its origin from Heaven.

4. The arcana of ſciences muſt not be committed to writing, but to the memory.

5. Great care is to be taken of the education of children.

6. The powder of miſletoe makes women fruitful.

7. The diſobedient are to be ſhut out from the ſacrifices.

8. Souls are immortal.

9. The ſoul after death goes into other bodies.

10. If the world is deſtroyed, it will be by fire and water.

11. Upon extraordinary emergencies a man muſt be ſacrificed. According as the body falls, or moves after it is fallen; according as the blood flows, or the wounds open, future events are foretold.

12. All

Add too, they liv'd in unenlighten'd days,
Long ere the Goſpel ſpread celeſtial rays;
Illum'd by her they had like prelates reign'd,
And heav'nly glory by their virtue gain'd.
The ſoaring lark, (all-joyous on the wing)
Forgets his warbling ſymphony to ſing.
The dying notes of blackbirds we may hear,
Tho' they ſcarce vibrate on the liſt'ning ear.
The little robin hops about the ſpray,
And penſive whiſtles out the ſhort'ning day.
Pale woe, lank care, will hand in hand intrude,
When we in ſilence o'er afflictions brood;
Yet robin's notes afford a kind relief,
For taught by him, we harmonize our grief;
Till ſoft compaſſion's tear unbidden flows
For injur'd merit, or for human woes;
And as our ſouls now yearn to bleſs mankind,

12. All commerce with ſtrangers muſt be prohibited.

13. Priſoners are to be ſlain upon the altars, or burnt alive incloſed in wicker, in honour of the Gods.

14. He that comes laſt to the aſſembly of the ſtates ought to be puniſhed with death.

15. Children are to be brought up apart from their parents till they are fourteen years of age.

16. Money lent in this world will be repaid in the next.

17. There is another world; and they who kill themſelves to accompany their friends thither, will live with them there.

18. Letters given to dying perſons, or thrown on the funeral piles of the dead, will be delivered in the other world.

19. The moon is a ſovereign remedy for all things, as its name in Celtic implies.

20. Let the diſobedient be excommunicated; let him be deprived of the benefit of the law; let him be avoided, and rendered incapable of any employ.

21. All maſters of families are kings in their houſes; they have a power of life and death over their wives, children and ſlaves.

Vide an eſſay on the original inhabitants of Great Britan in the Ladies Muſæum, No. VI.

We feel repaid that virtue in our mind.
Heav'n thus requites her votaries below,
And bids ev'n bliſs ſpring from diſcordant woe.
Sweet harmony's aſſuaſive voice, we're told,
Can tame the lion, make the daſtard bold;
Fell ſerpents harmleſs, tygers loſe their rage,
And cripples dance in ſpight of hoary age.
When great Amphion touch'd the trembling chord,
Ev'n capering ſtones acknowledg'd him their Lord:
And tuneful Arion charm'd the Dolphin band,
Who, when juſt ſinking, bore him ſafe to land.
Not animals, but trees and rocks advanc'd,
And round the Thracian harper ſprightly danc'd.
When dying notes juſt pant along the ſtrings,
The raviſh'd ſoul ſoars on celeſtial wings;
Woe drops her grief, ſad agony her pains,
Pale want his hunger, and the ſlave his chains:
Muſic has pow'r to warm the coldeſt breaſt,
To check bad paſſions, and inſpire the beſt.

Line 552. *When dying notes juſt pant along the ſtrings.*] "The abuſe of modern muſic, I mean, the confining it to awake, or ſooth the moſt effeminate feelings, deprives us almoſt of any conception of the antient extent and power of this heart-melting art. But to a delicate ear, that ſound can ſcarce be formed which bears not a relation to ſome paſſion, and carries not a reſemblance of ſome inward ſentiment. The tender ſtructure therefore of the mind can be ſooneſt reached by its correſponding ſounds, and delighted or diſtracted according to their combinations."

BLACKWALL's letters on Mythology, No. 12, page 151.

Line 569. *But love angelic, &c.*] The love here meant is univerſal charity, on which depends the rectitude of human thought and action.

The

The hermit feels tranquillity and joy,
Unmix'd with envy, or with grief's alloy:
From cares withdrawn, his wiſhes all ſubſide,
The love of grandeur, riches, pow'r and pride.
No blameleſs paſſions buoyant on his mind,
But love angelic, tender, ſoft, and kind.
Love that might ſoften ev'n an Arab's heart,
And rays of kindneſs to a foe impart.
Love that can ſpread benevolence below,
Dry ev'ry tear, and ſmoothen ev'ry woe:
Love that expands and makes the ſoul ſublime,
The gen'ral friend of ev'ry ſect and clime.
So Angels, form'd impartially to bleſs,
Survey all nature, and her wants redreſs.
When the ſtill'd boſom feels no anxious ſighs,
How ſweet we ſlumber, and how ſprightly riſe;
In thought, word, action, moſt ſupremely bleſs'd,
Our days all pleaſure, and our nights all reſt!
Happy the man, to ſolitude if giv'n,
He taſtes below an antepaſt of Heav'n.

Line 558. *The hermit feels tranquillity and joy.*] The author, by the word *hermit*, would not be thought to mean the melancholy inhabitants of caves and hollow trees, or the indolent and ſour Miſanthropes of dreary convents: for his hermits are not the victims of enthuſiaſm or ſpleen; of diſappointment or diſgrace, but the willing and grateful occupiers of rural elegance; whoſe retirements are the happy ſeats of Britiſh hoſpitality and virtue; and whoſe lives and labours are ultimately directed to the good of ſociety.

Can mankind wonder; ſhou'd a learned ſage,
And valiant prince, like Pruſſia's, in this age
Quit all his pageants, and to groves retreat,
When he had made his darling people great?
Thus the dictator ſoar'd in Rome's juſt cauſe,
And ſav'd her liberty, religion, laws:
The public triumph, and th' embattl'd march,
The laurell'd diadem, and trophy'd arch,

Line 582. *Thus the dictator, &c.*] The illuſtrious dictator Cincinnatus had a ſon eminent for virtue, abilities, and patriotiſm, whoſe name was Cæſ. Quintius. But unfortunately he promoted the revival of the Terential law, which gave the ſenate (whoſe power it would have greatly reſtricted) ſuch offence, that two friends were obliged to be bound for his appearance in a very conſiderable ſum of money: yet he thought it moſt prudent to fly his country to avoid an ignominious puniſhment; upon which the ſenate baniſhed him, and came upon his bondſmen for the penalty incurred by his non-appearance. But his generous and amiable father indemnified them at the expence of his whole fortune, excepting a little farm, which he reſolved to cultivate for his own maintenance.

Some years after his retreat, he was called into action by the miſconduct of the conſul Minutius, commander of the Roman army, which was ſent againſt the Æqui, who had ſurrounded him in a deep valley, where he could not poſſibly retire, or engage with any proſpect of ſucceſs. Upon this emergent occaſion the ſenate created Cincinnatus dictator, and ſent a deputation to his farm, to acquaint him of the honour the ſenate had conferred upon him. He received this public teſtimony of eſteem (as he was plowing) with all the compoſure and humility imaginable; and then ſet out with the deputies immediately for Rome, where he collected all the citizens who were able to carry arms in their country's defence: with this numerous body he marched to the camp of the enemy, and inveſted them on all ſides in their entrenchments; being hemmed between two armies, they were compelled to ſurrender at diſcretion. Thus this great man retrieved the glory of his country, and vanquiſhed her enemies, not by ſlaughter, but military ſkill.

The ſenate decreed him a public triumph, and would have loaded him with riches and ſpoils, but his ſoul ſoared above all human rewards. At the end of ſixteen days, (the ſpace of time between his being made dictator and his returning in triumph to Rome) he retired to his rural farm, there again to cultivate his ground in peace and tranquillity, ſuperior to the lures of ambition and power.

But it ſhould be remembered, to the honour of the ſenate, that upon the glorious ſucceſs of the father, they recalled from exile the ſon, and puniſhed with baniſhment Volſcius, one of the tribunes of the people, who had been his accuſer.

The

The iv'ry ſceptre, and the ſpoils of war,
The milk-white toga, and the gorgeous car,
Grac'd with the captives whom his arms ſubdu'd,
And all the lengthen'd cirque with flow'rs beſtrew'd,
Were taſteleſs quite, while his paternal lands
Call'd for ſome aid from his auſpicious hands.
Glad he retired to his lov'd rural farms,
Sheath'd his bright lance, and terror-ſtriking arms;
Reyok'd his cattle, and to tillage flew,
And bid to pomp and power a long adieu.
There he enjoy'd, what all mankind wou'd ſhare,
A virtuous pleaſure, with a virtuous care.
He regal honours well might diſregard,
Which oft'ner tyrants than the brave reward.
But modeſt gen'rals ſhun the mob's applauſe,
Nor ſhew the ſcars got in their country's cauſe.
Thrice glorious man! who liv'd unknown to ſhame,
Above all grandeur, titles, wealth, or fame.
Fame ſtill would follow to his calm retreat,
To tell poſterity this man was great!
Hail bliſsful ſolitude! the ſeat of ſenſe,
Of pleaſure, virtue, health, and competence!
Here undiſturb'd the learned ſage may ſee,
And found the depths of true philoſophy.

He

He PITT may aid (who nobly ſteers the helm)
And plan new projects to ſuppott the realm:
Here he may form new ſyſtems for the wiſe,
And ſee from genius ev'ry ſcience riſe;
Ev'n here he makes ſome virtues fairer bud;
And free from cares finds leiſure to be good.
The muſes too, (in ſilent groves delight)
Inſpire the ſong, or energetic flight;
Ev'n I, the humbleſt of the vocal train,
Here tune my rural moralizing ſtrain;
Well pleas'd if ſhepherds liſten to my lyre,
And catch that virtue which its notes inſpire.

From theſe high hills we view great Neptune roll,
And waft vaſt riches from the ſouthern pole.
How ſwift yon veſſel ſkims along the main,
Which, at this diſtance, ſeems a verdant plain.
The joyful merchants from the beach behold
The wealthy cargo they'll convert to gold:
The captain too exults when nigh the land,
And eyes his conſort wave her ſnowy hand;
He jumps on ſhore, when both embracing twine;
He's like the oak, and ſhe the tendril vine.

What extacy! what more than mortal bliſs
Shines in their eyes! and ſeals each melting kiſs;

" Hail

" Hail wedded love," the warrior's beſt reward,
Supremely worthy of his ſoul's regard;
Since all the joys, and all the aims of life
Concentric fix in children, friend, and wife.
For theſe he braves the dangers of the main,
And hunger, labour, ſickneſs, grief and pain;
For theſe he burns where ſouthern oceans roll,
For theſe he ſhivers under Zembla's pole:
For theſe in freedom's noble cauſe he fights,
And in his own preſerves a nation's rights.
In him the warrior, patriot, father join
To make Britannia's fame thro' ages ſhine;
That his deſcendants may congenial feel
Their parents rev'rence for his country's weal;
Long hand it's glory, undiminiſh'd, down,
And bleſs his mem'ry in their own renown.

Lo! on the beach the buſy fiſhers land,
And ſhoals of herrings gliſten o'er the ſtrand;
Hence flows the tide of our commercial wealth,
Food to the poor, and to the ſeamen health.
Our ſeas are richer than Peruvian mines,
Hence England proſpers, while proud France declines.

Ye great! the fiſheries protect and guard,
For naval glory will your cares reward:
Theſe for the ſea unnumber'd thouſands train,
A ſure reſource to combat France or Spain,
When Britiſh fleets for liberty muſt fight,
To vindicate an injur'd nation's right.
Laborious ſhepherds! oft I ſing your praiſe,
But valiant heroes now demand my lays:
'Tis glory calls, nor will I then refuſe
The rapt tranſition of the grateful muſe.
On Louiſburg Britannia's banners fly,
Fair emblems of immortal liberty:
Th' Atlantic God ev'n boaſts of Brunſwic's fame,
And makes his waves pay homage to his name;
Well pleas'd he heard the Britiſh pow'rs advance,
The wrong'd to ſuccour, and to humble France.
The winds auſpicious to the bold and brave,
His golden trident check'd each bellowing wave;

Line 656. *Ye great! the fiſheries, &c.*] The importance of our fiſheries will appear from that of Cape Breton, which produced the year before the war, 1,149,000 quintals of dry fiſh; and 3,900,000 mud fiſh; the value of both, including 3,116½ ton of train oil drawn from the blubber, amounts to 926,577l. 10s. according to the prime coſt of the fiſh at Newfoundland; and with the addition of its freight to the ſeveral markets where it is ſold, makes 919,192l. 10s. ſterling. The French annually employed 564 ſhips beſides ſhallops, and 27,500 men, in this fiſhery. Pere Charlevoix, in his hiſtory of New France, obſerves, that this fiſhery was a more valuable ſource of wealth and power to France, than even the mines of Mexico and Peru would be.

And

And turn'd their foam into transfluent glaſs,
That he might eye great George's navy paſs.
But when Bellona's bloody battles ceaſe,
Or conquer'd nations ſue for ſmiling peace;
May royal Brunſwic ſtill his pow'r ſuſtain,
And keep his conqueſts in th' Atlantic main;
Or treach'rous Bourbon's fell ambitious hand
Will ſoon re-kindle diſcord's fiery brand:
No, rather may deſtructive armies rage,
And dire, fell war for ten long years ſtill wage;
As erſt at Troy, when all the Grecian pow'rs
Collective came to ſhake proud Illium's towers,
Than let the vain inſulting tyrant boaſt,
A peace reſtor'd what perfidy had loſt!
But Pitt will riſe in Britain's juſt defence,
And ſpeak the patriot and the nation's ſenſe;
Maintain our conqueſts, and our rights ſupport,
The guardian of the ſtate, and glory of the court.
Our rural ſwains are now completely bleſt,
A teeming harveſt and approaching reſt;
How happy theſe! far diſtant from th' alarms
Of treach'rous Auſtria's unrelenting arms:
No Ruſſian chief depopulates, or ſtains
With horrid carnage, Britain's happy plains;

O may we hail that bright auſpicious day,
When peace and juſtice o'er the globe ſhall ſway:
When Britiſh navies ſhall no impreſs need,
Nor longer make unwilling victims bleed:
Then ſhall no friends or widow'd matrons here
Waſh the brave corpſe with unavailing tear;
No maids deplore their gallant lovers ſlain
On Mars's field, or on proud Neptune's main;
Nor aged ſires, nor helpleſs orphans mourn,
The child or parent from their boſom torn.
Fatal to Britain ſee Germanian ties
Make tax on tax, and debts on debts ariſe;
Though Prudence here reſtrains the poet's zeal,
Yet what he muſt not ſpeak the great ſhould feel.

Mourn, mourn, ye monarchs, war's wide waſting hand,
Which ſpreads deſtruction with Megæra's brand;
Makes ſcience wither, fruitful commerce dead;
And ev'ry muſe hang down her ſorrowing head:
Makes all the triumphs of the learned ceaſe,
And ſmears with blood the nobler arts of peace.
Ah! dire effects of each ambitious mind,
Which faith can't keep, or public treaties bind.
O would'ſt thou PITT, amidſt that flood of fame,
Which burſts all radiant o'er thy acts and name,

Provide for heroes when their toils are o'er;
(Ah! let them ſhare the bleſſings they reſtore!)
A million tongues will bleſs that generous deed,
A million hearts would dare for thee to bleed.
When joy and triumph ſhook Rome's crouded ſhores,
And Concord open'd all her feſtive doors;
The glorious Vet'rans ſtill receiv'd their pay,
And yet Rome's bounty was not thrown away:
For roads o'er mountains, and thro' rocks they led;
And as they toil'd her fame and glory ſpread.
They ſculptur'd pillars, gorgeous temples rais'd;
Brave heroes thoſe, and theſe their Gods have prais'd.
Here arch to arch they join'd for many a mile;
Which form'd an aqueduct---ſtupendous pile!
See for what ends this glorious ſtructure roſe,
See from its heights a ſilver river flows;

Line 734. *Here arch to arch they join'd, &c.*] "The aquæducts were without queſtion ſome of the nobleſt deſigns of the old Romans. Sextus Julius Frontius, a Roman author, and a perſon of conſular dignity, who has compiled a whole treatiſe on this ſubject, affirms them to be the cleareſt token of the grandeur of the empire. The firſt invention of them is attributed to Appius Claudius A. U. C. 441. who brought water into the city by a channel of eleven miles in length. But this was very inconſiderable to thoſe that were afterwards carried on by the emperors and other perſons; ſeveral of which were cut through the mountains, and all other impediments, for above forty miles together; and of ſuch a height, that a man on horſeback, as Procopius informs, might ride through them without the leaſt difficulty. But this is meant only of the conſtant courſe of the channel; for the vaults and arches were in ſome places 109 feet high. Procopius makes the aquæducts but fourteen: Victor has enlarged the number to twenty: in the names of them the waters only were mentioned as Aqua Claudia, Aqua Appia, &c."

KENNET's Roman Antiquities, p. 58.

Diſ-

Diſpenſing health around th' unwater'd plains,
Reviving thirſty herds, and toiling ſwains:
From thence to cities roll'd its ſtreams along,
Which ſweetly murmur to the urban ſong.
Thro' fountains they in feather'd columns riſe,
And daſh the ſparkling ſpray againſt the ſkies.
There into marble baths they cooling glide,
Where youth and beauty lave in purple pride,
Then to each houſe domeſtic homage pay,
And laſtly to the Tiber ſteal away;
Thro' golden ſands their ſully'd waves refine,
Mix with their parent ſtream, and with new luſtre ſhine:
Our ſoldiers too in peaceful times might raiſe
Works as deſerving of immortal praiſe.
Then would a ſtanding army be of uſe,
And no invectives thro' our realms produce.
Singing or whiſtling every reaper toils,
Piling in pyramids the autumnal ſpoils:
Ere long the harveſt-home they'll joyous hold,
When golden ſtacks adorn the rural fold.
Young active ſhepherds, and fair blooming maids,
On new-ſhorn carpets, under beechen ſhades,
Inſpired by Pan, will gaily friſk around;
For ev'ry nerve is brac'd by thrilling muſic's ſound.

Lo! ſparkling mirth, the zeſt of ev'ry ſoul,
Darts from the tongue, and flows about the bowl:
You here return'd the golden age may ſee,
O taſteful, pleaſing ſweet ſimplicity!
Their gates fly wide, the needy muſt have part,
For great Jehovah loves a bounteous heart!
Ev'n want and grief ſit ſmiling at their door,
And from their kindneſs quite forget they're poor!
Yet lazy, lagging ſloth departs unfed,
And vagrants wander thro' the realm for bread;
Like Eriſicthon by kind Ceres curſt,
With gnawing hunger, and perpetual thirſt.
Fair innocence and joy (twin ſiſters born)
Will hold the banquet 'till the grey-ey'd morn;
Ev'n Æolus will lay the northern gale,
While they alone the balmy breeze inhale;
Which tho' it fans, can't cool the lover's flame,
And wafts a fragrance round the beauteous dame:
It floats along her ringlets, which inſpire,
From graceful attitudes, each fond deſire,
Gives to each gloſſy hair a Cupid's dart,
That thro' the eye tranſfixes ev'ry heart.
When Sol departs, and awful Night is ſeen
To draw her curtain o'er the feſtive green,

Then ſhall the moon break through the darken'd ſphere,
And all the faded landſkip re-appear:
Ev'n rocks and mountains, groves, and purling ſtreams,
Shall ſhine augmented by her ſilv'ry beams;
No longer ſhall the empreſs queen of night,
For their dear ſwains the virgin band affright;
She reigns ſupreme o'er modeſty and grace,
And never lov'd (nor kiſs'd) Endymion's face:
From Egypt firſt this fabled ſcandal came,
To blaſt her virtue, and unſully'd fame.
The heav'ns united in our glorious blaze,
Shall fire each boſom with extatic praiſe;
For on this feſtive night the ſhepherds ſing
The gifts of Ceres, and the bloom of ſpring,
Till the bright morning ſtar fades faſt away,
And fair Aurora ſpreads the dawn of day;

Line 790. *No longer ſhall the empreſs queen, &c.*] This alludes to the Ægyptian fable of the Moon falling in love with Endymion, and deſcending to kiſs him as he lay aſleep upon Mount Latmos in Caria, and afterwards carrying him up to Heaven. In truth, Endymion was king of Elis, and a great aſtronomer; who firſt deſcribed the circuit of the moon, and was often repreſented in a ſleeping poſture, as he was always contemplating the planetary motions. Some Mythogoliſts ſay "that the Egyptians in the Neomenia, "or feaſt in which they celebrated the ancient ſtate of mankind, choſe a grove, or "ſome retired ſhady grotto, where they "placed an Iſis with her creſcent or moon, "and by her ſide an Horus aſleep, to denote "the ſecurity and repoſe which mankind "then enjoyed. This figure they called Endymion, from *En*, a grotto or fountain, "and *Dimion* reſemblance: and thoſe ſymbolical figures, like the reſt, degenerated into "idolatry, and became the materials for fabulous hiſtory."

Line 803. *Shedding the roſes, &c.*] Vide Jacomo Frey's fine print of Guido's Aurora.

Shed-

Shedding (as ſhe rides) upon the eaſtern ſkies,
The roſes of her hands, and ſparkles of her eyes.
Come, gentle maid, and ſoft attune their lays,
And join the Cerealian hymn of praiſe:
The pipe and tabor animate the ſong,
With ſprightly fiddles and baſe viol ſtrong.
Come, beauteous maid, nor let us ask in vain
For your dear preſence on our humble plain:
Hark! hark! methinks they tune the trembling ſtring,
The ſwains all rapture while you ſweetly ſing;
Smile on paſt labours, preſent cares deſpiſe,
Rewarded by your ſong, and love-inſpiring eyes.

The

THE HARVEST HOME HYMN.

For 1748.

Set to Muſic by S. O. W. Eſq:r

Adagio

Blow ſweet ye pipes to ce - le - brate his praiſe Who fills with plen - ty all the land;

Attune your inſtruments and voi - ces raiſe, Be - gin, begin ye vocal ba - - - nd.

All.o ma non poco

Cho: He comes, he comes, rejoice ye Swains, The O - live

branch he'll now beſtow, To bleſs Britannia's happy plains, And bind it round the Warrior-brow.

Grand Cho:

Da Capo

O praiſe him! O laud him! O praiſe him again, He's the King of all Kings, & the Lord of all Lords.

2

Ye Herdſmen rejoice, ye Shepherds be glad,
All Nature the Chorus will fill;
When Harveſt's at Home, you cannot be ſad,
Jehovah reigns over us ſtill.
Choruſes, &c.

3

Ye Angels & Seraphs prepare now his ways,
Set open his adamant Doors,
Auſpicious he comes to bleſs all our Days,
And baniſh fell Diſcord our Shores.
Choruſes, &c.

FINIS.